

Twenty-three States now have Bureaus of Labor and Statistics.

The mortgages on farm-lands are said to be increasing in numbers at a very rapid rate throughout the United States.

One of the largest manufacturing concerns in Brazil says that American machinery is superior to anything made in Europe.

Bradstreet's states that there are in New England half a hundred stock farms, where twenty years ago there were practically none, and in California the breeding of fast horses has become almost a craze.

The importance of economy in feeding is illustrated by the statement accredited to Dr. Collier, of the New York Experiment Station, that a saving of one cent a day upon the dairy cows of New York is over \$6,000,000 a year.

In 1933 the largest number of Italians arrived in the United States in any one year, being 52,004, of whom nearly eighty per cent. must be classed as unskilled; in fact, 15,235 stated to the inspection officers that they had no special gainful occupation.

The New York *News* predicts that this will be an exceptional year for immigration. The figures for a recent month indicate a larger influx of foreigners by twelve or fifteen thousand than we had during the same period in 1890. The Italians predominate.

A citizen of St. Louis makes a good living by renting turtles to restaurants for advertising purposes. He gets \$2 per day for each, and they are always in demand. They are left outside the door the day before turtle soup is served, and create a run the next day for the soup, but they are not in it.

A recent writer suggests that the sciences might receive new names that would be self-explaining. He would give us birdlore in place of ornithology; fishlore instead of ichthyology; plantlore for botany; starlore for astronomy, etc. Some of these are occasionally used already, and there is no good reason why we should not adopt all of them.

Herbert Spencer opposes socialism because he says that it turns back progress and is a foe to personal freedom. Compulsory co-operation, he thinks, would result in a society like that of ancient Peru, where the people in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 were ruled by officers, tied to their districts, superintended in their work and business and made hopeless toilers for the support of the Government.

The *British Medical Journal*, in an article commenting on a case of hypnotism described in a New York paper, insists that England shall pass laws to prevent the reckless practice of hypnotism in Great Britain. The article expresses regret that reliable information is at hand that several physicians of standing are traveling in England under assumed names and practicing hypnotism upon applicants, regardless of risk to health and life.

An English engineer of high standing in a recent paper on our new navy said that in general workmanship and in many details the new ships built in this country were equal to England's best, and that the armament of the battle-ships were more powerful than that of any ships of the same class built in Europe. In concluding his address he declared that the work of the American contractors was worthy of study by all Englishmen interested in the subject.

Twelve of the twenty members of the Congress at Berlin, in 1878, are dead. They were Bulow, of Germany; Saint Vallier, of France; Corti, of Italy; Beaconsfield and Russell, of England; Gortchakoff and Oubril, of Russia; Andrassy and Haymerle and Karolyi, of Austria; Saadullah and Mehmet Ali Pasha, of Turkey. Those still living are Bismarck, Hohenlohe, Waddington, Desprez, De Launay, Salisbury, Shuvaloff, and Kara-theodory.

The German press is not allowed special rate on its telegraphic correspondence, the Government making no discrimination. In all other countries press dispatches are transmitted at greatly reduced rates, but Dr. Stephen, Director of the German Telegraph, recently declared that he saw no reason whatever for favoring the newspapers thus. As a result of his illiberal policy, notes the *Chicago Post*, the press messages of Germany constitute only 14 per cent. of the total traffic, and the German newspapers are among the duller on earth.

A groom's right to wear a moustache has been tried in England, with the court's decision in his favor. When Mrs. Grimshaw's groom was engaged he was smooth-shaven, but after a cold he grew a moustache by his doctor's advice, whereupon Mrs. Grimshaw ordered him to shave or go without notice. The Judge held that the demand was unreasonable. If he had been a house servant, wearing powder and white silk stockings, suggests the *Boston Transcript*, he might have been required to shave; but a groom was an outdoor servant, and a moustache was a natural protection against the weather. The plaintiff got \$25 damages.

The demand for Percheron horses for export is so great, avers the New York *Herald*, that the purity of the breed is seriously threatened, and a stud book has been recently started in France by which the pedigree may be preserved and the race kept up to the standard.

The richest heiress in the world is reputed to be the little Wilhelmina, Holland's child-Queen. She is an intelligent little girl, speaks four languages fluently, and a constant effort is made by those about her to preserve her natural ingenuity and childish simplicity.

Last year was the fourth year of successive falling off in emigration from Great Britain, according to the *Mail and Express*, and, while the English proportion of emigrants has tended to grow, the Irish proportion has steadily fallen off. About three-fourths of the total goes to the United States and about ten per cent. to British North America.

A New Orleans paper reminds the Italian press that twenty-two English and American tourists have been captured by brigands in Italy during the last fifteen years, and of this number nine were murdered because they could pay no ransom. The Italian Government moved not a hand in any one case, nor did England or America make any threats.

A Chicago *Tribune* correspondent tells some interesting facts about the Bank of England notes. They are made from new white linen cuttings, never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. They are made at Laverstock, on the River Wharfe, in Hampshire, by a family named Portal, descending from a French Huguenot refugee, and have been made by the same family for more than 150 years. They are printed within the building, there being elaborate arrangements for making them so that each note of the same denomination shall differ in some particular from the other.

Within a few years the public school system of New York City, which is now one of the largest systems in the world, is likely, according to *School*, to exceed greatly its present size. With a population of 1,700,000, there are now more than 300 school departments in the city, 4200 teachers, an average attendance of 160,000 pupils daily, and a total attendance of nearly 300,000; the salaries of teachers, janitors and employes now aggregate over \$3,000,000, and the expenditures for the schools yearly exceed considerably \$4,000,000. Another ten years will add, by the natural growth of the city, half a million to its population, and not less than twenty-five per cent. to the number of school buildings, to the attendance, the teachers and the expenditures. But should the project which is now under consideration for consolidating New York, Brooklyn and their suburbs, have been effected, the present system will have more than doubled its proportion in ten years.

The report of Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia for the Dominion of Canada, has just been issued. It shows the strength of the armed and organized Canadian militia to be about 37,000 men. As the population of the Dominion is about 5,000,000, the proportion of citizen soldiers to the whole number of the people is obviously very much greater than in the United States, where with 53,000,000 people we have not far from 100,000 members of the National Guard. "Our Canadian cousins seem to be much more strongly imbued with the military spirit," admits the New York *News*, "than our own people. They possess a plentiful assortment of artillery, more or less modern; they have a government cartridge factory, where plenty of first-class cartridges and artillery projectiles are turned out; and the fact that half of their 37,000 militia spent ten days in active open air drill in camp last summer indicates the probability of a fair degree of efficiency in the entire force. When one of these days Canada takes her natural and rightful place in the great American Republic, her well organized body of militia will prove a very welcome addition to the military strength of the United States."

Manhattan Sold for \$25.

According to popular tradition the Island of Manhattan was sold in 1624 for the sum of \$25. The conclusion one would naturally jump to would be that in the light of subsequent events the sum was a ridiculously small price. But let us suppose that \$25 had been placed out at seven per cent. interest in the year 1624 and had been allowed to compound up to the year 1884, how much would it then have amounted to? Something in the neighborhood of \$1,600,000,000. Is the island of Manhattan worth much more than that to-day?—*Pharmaceutical Era*.

Millions of Sweeties.

The United States is a great candy country. The candy men estimate that the people of the United States will eat \$5,000,000 worth of candy this year. England has no candy stores like this country. They carry candy in connection with other things. In France a great deal of candy is eaten, but it is mostly in packages and different fancy preparations, and not the candy pure and simple that is used here. Candy has been better in quality every year.

Houston, Texas, has a woman real estate agent.

LIGHT.
What does the blind man, blind from infancy,
Note in the vistas of his sleeping dream?
Living in darkness 'neath light's glowing stream,
What can dreams show him that would
lovely be?
Loud would he sing, joy-brimming, suddenly
To know the blessing of day's faintest gleam—
Brighter than bright dream pictures then
would beam
Life's radiant beauties in his vision free.
And would not we, reposing in the gloom,
Dreaming in shadow, rest by death of sleep?
In awe-struck joy and wonder woe to see,
Like the day breaking into sudden bloom,
About us burst the rolling sea of light
That gilds the white shores of eternity?
—R. K. Munkittrick, in the *Century*.

MISS DILLOWAY.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

Miss Dilloway locked the back door of her small house, and hung the key in plain sight near the kitchen window. How far the safety of her goods and chattels was ensured by this simple act she never stopped to consider; but nothing would have induced her to leave the door unlocked.

On her way down the narrow gravel walk she stopped to pull a weed here and there from the flower-bed, and to pick up an obnoxious piece of paper which had somehow found its way into the midst of the flowers. She straightened a young *Balm of Gilead* tree, and tied it more securely to the small stick which served as a prop; then, closing the gate carefully behind her, she walked briskly down the village street.

She had walked rather timidly along the platform of the little railroad station, and was about to enter the waiting-room when she was accosted by a man standing near, who was checking a solitary trunk.

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Goin' on a journey?"
"Not much of a one," she answered, curtly.

"Wal, go right in, and I'll be in in a minute."

He soon appeared at the ticket-office window, curiosity written all over his face. Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How much is it?" she said.

"Oh, to Preston! Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up there?"

"No. Can you change five dollars?"

"Oh yes—twenty-five, if you say so! Wal, didn't Ezzie's folks move up to Preston w'y, or nigh there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. How soon'll the train go?"

Old Mr. McQuestion leaned forward and looked out through the office window at the clock on the wall.

"In 'bout fifteen minutes. Set down; set down over there in the rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. 'Taint every depot that's got a rocking-chair. Ahem! Goin' to be gone long?"

"No," answered Miss Dilloway, with a slight smile, rather enjoying the situation.

"Not 'I'm—'I'm! Wal—"

But the good man's curiosity was not to be gratified that morning. A call from the baggage-room necessitated his hurrying away, and the ten o'clock accommodation soon bore little Miss Dilloway out of sight and hearing.

In two hours' time she was standing before a large brick building, over the massive door of which were the words: "Home for the Friendless." She trembled a little as she ascended the granite steps, and waited a little time before she rang the bell.

A white-capped servant showed her into a small reception-room. It seemed as if her nervousness increased with every moment's waiting, and when a tall, serious lady came slowly into the room, Miss Dilloway wished very much indeed that she were safe at home.

"You came to see our little ones?" said the lady, with a smile which drove all the stern lines from her face.

"Yes; I did come to get one—to adopt; but now I'm here, I don't know that I'd ought to."

"Perhaps you can tell better after seeing."

"Yes, yes, I suppose I can. You see I made up my mind rather suddenly. Mr. Thornton, our minister—I come from Rentham—preached a most powerful sermon last Sunday from the text, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child, and that sermon has been haunting me ever since. He had just come from a visit to Boston, where he saw an orphan asylum; and he said it made his heart ache to see so many little children who never knew what it was to have a mother's kiss on their foreheads.'"

Miss Dilloway wiped a tear from her eye, and went on:

"And then he said, if the Lord was going to ask us by and by what use we had made of the talent He had given us, he didn't see why He shouldn't ask us what use we'd made of our homes, especially those folks who had been given houses bigger than they needed. He asked them if the people didn't think it wasn't burying rooms, as the man buried the talent, to keep them shut up; and he urged them to open their hearts and homes—to be mothers and fathers to some little waif who didn't have any parents."

"Then he capped it all by saying that he and Mrs. Thornton had just adopted a five-year-old boy from that very asylum. They've got seven already! But that's like Mr. Thornton; he always practices what he preaches."

"Well, when I sat down that afternoon with my Bible and hymn-book, I couldn't get my mind off that sermon. When I heard it, it didn't seem as if 'twas meant for me, but for married folks; but somehow the thought of Abby's chamber upstairs—Abby's my sister who died last year—kind of worked its way into my mind, and I wondered if the Lord would say to me, 'Cynthia Dilloway, have you kept that room of yours hid in a napkin?'"

"Then I thought of the cellar full of provisions, and more than enough in the bank to take care of me if I lived to be a hundred; and before I knew it, I'd said aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of those poor things a home, and I guess I can be a kind of a mother to it, if I am an old maid!'"

"It's surprising how much company just the thought of having a little girl around has been, for I made up my mind, of course, it should be a girl. Since then I've been kind of getting ready—and—well, here I am!"

By this time little Miss Dilloway was wiping the perspiration from her face.

She had talked an unusually long time for her.

"My friend," said the matron, who had been listening with interest to her story, "I am sure you will be blessed in sharing your home with one of God's unfortunate ones. Come with me and let me show you my family."

She led the way up a broad flight of stairs. Miss Dilloway soon found herself in a large room, which contained so many children that the first sight of them almost took her breath away. She had expected to see a dozen or twenty, perhaps, but here were surely a hundred. How could she choose from among so many.

Over in the corner one of the older girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dilloway was very fond of babies, and she stopped instinctively to speak to this one.

It looked up into her sweet face confidently, and then held out her small arm toward her. She took it eagerly, and pressed the little form close.

"I do love babies so!" said half-apologetically, to the matron, who was looking on with a smile. "I often say to the folks at home that I don't envy them their husbands, their big houses, or their rich-rack, as they call their ornaments nowadays; but I do envy them their babies. They seem to think it's queer, I don't see why old maids shouldn't love babies as well as married folks."

"Why not adopt a baby?"

Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt an older child, and the suggestion that she should take an infant took her so much by surprise that she hastily returned the baby to its young nurse, and sat down in a chair. Then a strange thing happened; the baby's lip began to quiver; tears gathered in its eyes, and its arms were held out again appealingly to Miss Dilloway.

She took it instantly, and asked the matron:

"She ain't more'n six months old, is she?"

"He was just seven months old yesterday."

"He's a boy?" she almost screamed, looking at the child as if he were to blame for not being a girl.

The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm and then snuggled close to her side.

Miss Dilloway cleared her throat.

"Well, I never liked boys very much after they're grown up, but if I should take this one, I guess I should get used to his ways before that time. Do you anything about his parents?"

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, and the mother was so affected by his death that she never rallied after the baby came. The little fellow seems to be wholly alone in the world."

Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and early in the afternoon Mr. McQuestion, for the first time in his life, lost his voice as little Miss Dilloway got off the train with a baby in her arms.

Of course the people of Rentham were surprised. It seems a very amusing thing to some of them that Miss Dilloway should adopt a baby, but those who knew her well and loved her, commended her worthy act and rejoiced in her new happiness—for happy she certainly was.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Miss Dilloway with the baby in her arms. The child crowded, cooed and was unmistakably very fond of his foster parent.

Donations of slips, stockings and socks for baby's wear came in almost daily. One thoughtful neighbor sent a cradle. Children came in with toys innumerable.

Miss Dilloway held council with the mothers in the neighborhood as to the merits of nurse and the demerits of soothing syrup. Advice was freely given, but often of such a contradictory nature that poor Miss Dilloway was puzzled. Nevertheless, baby grew and prospered, and made sunshine in the little old lady's heart.

One day, about three months after baby's advent in Rentham, a very unusual sound rang through Miss Dilloway's dwelling. There were one, two, three clangs of the brass knocker on the seldom used front door.

When, with baby in her arms, she opened the door, she faced a tall, well-built man of substantial appearance in more senses than one, with streaks of gray in his hair.

The man glanced at the baby and said, without ceremony:

"I guess I've struck the right place. This is Miss Dilloway, ain't it?"

Tremulously, holding the baby very tight, and with an awful foreboding at her heart, she answered: "Ye—es. Will you walk in?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I will, seeing I've come this distance to see the little fellow. There, now, don't get scared! I've no notion of taking him from you. I shouldn't know what to do with him if I had him."

Miss Dilloway's face continued to express astonishment.

"Well, well," said the man, "I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Reuben Russell, late of Minnesota, at present of nowhere in particular. I got to Preston three days ago, and went to work the first thing to hunt up my niece Clara. I didn't know she was dead until I reached the place where she used to board. I hadn't heard from her for over a year, and I was pretty well taken aback when they told me of her death and her husband's, so nigh together."

"But I was more taken aback when I heard she'd left a baby, and that it had been sent to an asylum. Clara Dayton's baby, my neevy—or grand-neevy—in an asylum!"

"I traveled pretty quick to the place, and I don't know whether I was glad or sorry when I heard it had been adopted. Anyway, what I came here for's to see the little chap—look round here, sonny—and to make some arrangement with you about his board—or whatever you call it. I don't want Clara's child to be living on charity."

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn't charity! You see it belongs to me." Miss Dilloway said this with a half-convulsive air. "I had the papers regularly made out."

"Well, by and by, when he grows up, he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank account. What's his name?"

"I've always called him 'Baby.' I haven't thought of any name yet," answered Miss Dilloway, not just liking this "look ahead," when this bit of humanity in her arms would need education and boy's clothes.

"Land o' liberty! Clara's baby with-

out a name! Well, well. Ahem! What do you say to calling him after me—Reuben?"

"I don't know that there's any objection," said the little woman, somewhat meekly.

"Well, you think it over. I've got a little business down this way that needs looking after, so I shall probably be round here for a day or two, and I'll come in again."

Mr. Russell's business must have required more "looking after" than he had first supposed, for it detained him in Rentham more than a week. There seemed to be an hour or two in each day, however, when it did not require his attention, and these were spent in "looking in to see how Clara's baby was getting on."

It would not have got on at all if Miss Dilloway had been present to interfere, when gingerbread horses and highly-colored sugar soldiers found their way from Mr. Russell's pockets to baby's mouth. Something was brought for baby's amusement at every visit—a jumping-jack, a rattle or a woolly sheep—until Mr. Russell and his small grand-nephew became very good friends. Mr. Russell returned to Preston, and was gone just two weeks. At the end of that time he might have been seen one afternoon going toward Miss Dilloway's residence, boldly pushing a handsome baby carriage before him.

He was barely seated in Miss Dilloway's small sitting-room before he cleared his throat and began:

"I've been thinking a good deal since I left here a fortnight ago, Miss Dilloway, and I found I'd become a good deal attached to—to the baby; and—ahem!—it struck me that, as you're alone in the world, and I'm alone, and the baby seems to kind of belong to both of us, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make one family. What do you say?"

Perhaps what one of the neighbors said a short time after may throw some light on Miss Dilloway's answer.

"She's sixty, and he's sixty-five if he's a day; and it's too ridiculous to see them together—with that baby!"—*Youth's Companion*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Metal shingles are here.

Copper is melted by electricity.

A railroad car registers the condition of the road.

A saw has been designed for cutting iron, mild steel or other metals of fairly large sections.

All the bridges over the Erie Canal at Rochester, N. Y., are to be operated hereafter by electricity.

There are now 1034 compound locomotives at work or building, 523 being in England, 330 in Germany and eight in North America.

The steam-hammer used in forging the armor plates of Bethlehem, Penn., has a plunger equal in weight to 125 tons. The angle that receives this blow weighs 1400 tons.

To prevent the evaporation of water in fire pits it has been suggested that fifteen to twenty drops of oil will form a coating sufficient to obviate the difficulty.

There has been invented a machine for cutting tubes of paper for pill-boxes. The operations are all automatic and the work is said to be rapidly performed.

Proprietors of the Pullman car invention report that paper car wheels have run 400,000 miles under their cars, while the average running power of an iron wheel is but 55,000 miles.

During magnetic storms earth currents on the British lines of telegraph have been known to attain the strength of forty milliamperes. This is stronger than the usual working currents.

American shoe machinery has been introduced into Leicester, England, and has created considerable interest among the manufacturers. A writer in a Manchester paper says that "Americans are miles ahead" in shoe machinery.

Fish are attracted by the electric light the same as insects and birds, and it has been found that the placing of an electric lamp of high power in the sea, even at a part not frequented by fish, causes members of the finny tribe to flock in great numbers.

Lima (Ohio) oil is being used successfully in a number of Pittsburgh mills and factories. Rolling mill owners favor it because it does not oxidize the iron, and for that reason it is thought that natural gas will soon be superseded by it. The oil is shipped from the field in tank cars, and a movement is on foot to build a pipe line to that city.

Dr. Armand Jeannoutot, a young physician of Paris, is the latest in the field as a consumption cure discoverer. His cure is by inhalation. His apparatus consists of a small tubular brass boiler, connected with a brass pan with a lid. When in operation, from under the lid escape vapors which spread about the room, one of the parts of which is prussic acid.

An ingenious Frenchman has discovered a process of recovering the tin contained in the wash waters of silk which have been weighted, and he has accordingly received from the French Society for the Encouragement of Natural Industry the prize allotted for the utilization of residual substances. It is estimated that Lyons alone will effect an annual economy of \$60,000.

Pineapple Juice for Diphtheria.

"Nature has her own remedy for diphtheria," says a Chicago man. "It is nothing more nor less than pineapple juice. I declare that I have found it to be a specific. It will cure the worst case that ever mortal flesh was afflicted with. I did not discover the remedy. The colored people of the South did that."

Two years ago I was engaged in lumbering in Mississippi. One of my children was down with diphtheria, and the question of his death was simply the problem for a few hours to determine. An old colored man, to whom my wife had shown some kindnesses, called at the house, and saying he heard of my little one's illness, urged me to try pineapple juice. The old fellow declared that in Louisiana, where he came from, he had seen it tried a million times, and that in each case it had proved effective. So I secured a pineapple and squeezed out the juice. After a while we got some of it down the boy's throat, and in a short time he was cured. The pineapple should be thoroughly ripe. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out the diphtheria mucus. I tell you it is a sure cure."

HABITS OF THE OSTRICH.

THIS PLUMAGE IS RARE, BUT HIS MANNER IS ECCENTRIC.

Ostrich Farming in California and South Africa—He's an Agile Walzer—Method of Plucking.

"I look forward to a time when the prairies of the West will be largely used for the purpose of ostrich farming," said a gentleman who has been engaged in this business for some years past in Southern California to a writer for the *Star*. "On the Pacific coast the industry has already developed to a point of great profitability, and the plains of the interior, where not too arid, or in districts reclaimed to some extent by irrigation, ought to provide most suitable grounds for the rearing and keeping of these birds, which require most importantly enormous areas for running in. Although now there are quite a number of ranches in my State devoted to the enterprise, the farming of ostriches is as yet in its infancy in this country. Of the profit there is in it when carried on upon an extensive scale demonstration may be had from results achieved in South Africa, where at present 60,000 of the fowls, raised in captivity, are kept for plucking and propagation."

"Although hitherto the object of ostrich farming has been merely to furnish plumes to the feather trade, it has been seriously suggested that ostrich meat may one day form an important item in food supply. It may very well be that in the future the birds will be raised like turkeys for the table. The meat is palatable and in flavor not unlike beef. A domesticated ostrich, fed upon clover and grain, is far superior for eating purposes to a wild one, which has been subsisting perhaps on scanty and unwholesome fare."

"Ostriches and their kind differ from all other existing birds in the fact that their breast bones are flat and without any 'keel.'"

"Every part of the creature is utilized by the natives of Africa. When one is killed its skin is first removed, so as to preserve the feathers, and the fat separated from the meat is poured into lugs made of the skin of the thighs tied at the lower ends. The grease of a bird in good condition will fill the skin of both legs, which hold about four gallons. Not only is the grease eaten with bread and used in the preparation of certain foods, but the Arabs consider it useful for rheumatism and other maladies. They usually cook the eggs by setting one of them upright on a fire and stirring its contents about with a stick, inserted through a hole in the upper end. The egg shells are chiefly used as vessels for water. The bird sets upon its eggs by night, when the cold would be too great for them, and leaves them to the sun's heat during the day."

"Perhaps the most extraordinary fact about the bird is that it is the male that does most of the setting. He selects a convenient hollow in the ground or scrapes out one and tramples it into a saucer-shaped nest about six feet in diameter. The female lays her eggs pretty much anywhere in the neighborhood of the nest, and her mate takes care that they are collected. During his time for setting he is exceedingly pugnacious and a very formidable animal to encounter. The kick of the bird, which is its means of fighting, is enormously powerful—sufficiently so, in fact, to disable a man and very likely kill him at one blow."

"The natural method of hatching ostriches, however, because of the risks from accidents involved, has been almost entirely superseded on ostrich farms by the incubator. By this artificial method more than ninety per cent. of the eggs are made to produce chicks, which seem to grow up as healthily as those brought out in the normal fashion. Boxes heated by hot water are employed at the eggs are turned and aired twice a day. The period of incubation is forty-two days. It is not always done, but I think it best, about a week before the expiration of the time, to carefully puncture each egg near the top with a sharp-pointed steel instrument, in order to enable any young ones that may be weakly to more readily break the shells. As soon as the baby ostriches are hatched I put them into a basket full of cotton wool for twenty-four hours, giving them a chance to breathe. Then they are put into a coop, from the roof of which is hung a lot of warm chonille, and there they nestle, the contrivance serving as an artificial mother, or rather father, inasmuch as it is he who takes care of the chicks in a state of nature. The latter are fed at first on bread crumbs, bran and water. On the fourth day they are permitted to go out in a little inclosure around the brooder and are given grain and green vegetables. Young ostriches are pretty things, like giant young partridges, but with bristles all over them mixed with the down."

"The proper country for ostrich farming is an open region free from timber. Districts in temperate latitudes with dry and waste lands afford admirable facilities for the purpose. There is no difficulty in keeping the birds in an enclosure with wire or other fences not more than four feet high, owing to the fact that they do not fly. Once established in the interior of this continent upon 'runs' of great size thus enclosed ostriches would doubtless increase rapidly and attain immense numbers. They are not expensive to keep, for during the greater part of the year they can find enough for themselves to live upon, and other times they require only a little Indian corn or beans and some additional green food, all of which may easily be grown for their use. But large spaces are not absolutely necessary for ostrich farming. If they are not available eight acres will suffice to accommodate thirty birds, if the land be sown with lucerne to provide them with food."

"Ostrich farming is not an industry altogether new to the world. The birds were certainly domesticated very anciently and were doubtless plucked for their feathers, though probably they were not bred in confinement. More than a century ago many farmers in South Africa had tame ostriches on their farms, allowed to feed at large, which supplied their owners with plumes that were made into brooms for mosquito fans. Various tribes in Central Africa have for an unnumbered length of time kept ostriches for their feathers, bartering them with traders for cloth and other commodities. The most beautiful of the plumes are obtained from the wings, and one reason for the great usefulness of the incubator is that many of the feathers are apt to be spoiled during the operation of sitting on the eggs. For some reason not very well understood tame ostrich feathers are

less beautiful and therefore bring a lower price in the market than those of the wild ostrich, but the wild bird is disappearing so rapidly that the time will have come to himself before very long.

"When the season for plucking arrives my birds are driven into a narrow pen, where they are so tightly crowded as not to be able to move, while the operator stands on a platform outside and cuts off the plumes close to the flesh. The very valuable feathers on the wings—there are about twelve in each wing, and they often retail for as much as \$20 a piece—must be taken before they are quite matured. Their growth has to be watched so as to get them at their best. Most perfect, and, therefore, most costly, of all ostrich feathers are those brought from Aleppo and obtained from the birds of the Syrian Desert. They are very rare. Next in order of quality come those from Tripoli, from